Onely reſerued their factor to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither, but at hand at hand,
Enſues his piteous, and vnpittied end.
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him ſuddenly conueyed away:
Cancell his bond of life, deare God *I* pray,
That *I* may liue to ſay, the dog is dead,

Qu. O thou dids prophecie the time would come
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſe
That botteld ſpider, that foule hunch-backt toade.

Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore ſhadow, painted Queene,
The preſentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two ſweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catine crownd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou ~~art~~, *wert*
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?

Now